

Nette Simon

Anniversary Songs

FOR THE

Queen's Park Methodist

SABBATH SCHOOL.



PRICE, 5 CENTS.

Anniversary Song.

- 1 We are happy and rejoice,
Giving thanks with heart and voice;
And we'll join the swelling chorus,
Singing loud and clear;
Ringing out a merry strain,
As this day returns again,
Bringing gladness and rejoicing
While we're gathered here.

CHORUS.

- Sing, Sing, we're happy while we sing,
Chant the chorus loud and clear;
Happy hearts are gathered round,
And our songs of joy resound,
While we chant a merry chorus
To the closing year.
- 2 Gentle friends we turn to you,
With a welcome fond and true;
Happy hearts and smiling faces
Greet our natal day,
Listen to the children's song,
How its notes are borne along,
Flinging rays of golden sunshine
On our earthly way.
- 3 Let our hearts be tuned to love,
While the angles from above,
Scatter blessings on our pathway
As we onward go,
And when years have rolled away,
May the coming of this day,
Bring us all a sweet remembrance
Of the "long ago"



Merry Christmas.

- 1 Christmas bells are sweetly ringing,
Joy to the happy sons of men,
Children's voices gladly singing,
Praise to their God and Saviour.

CHO.—Merry, merry Christmas,
Merry, merry Christmas,
Joy and pleasure without measure,
Merry, merry Christmas,
Merry, merry Christmas,
Hail; the happy day.

- 2 Shepherds heard the wondrous story,
Watching upon Judea's plains,
How the Lord of life and glory
Ransom'd the fallen nations.

- 3 "Peace on earth" good will to mortals,
"Glory to God" the angels sang,
Christ has opened heaven's portals,
Glory to God forever.



Over in the promised land.

- 1 We thank thee Lord for the Sabbath school,
Here we may learn the golden rule;
Here we may read the words that lead
Over to the promised land.

CHO.—Away, away, away, away,
Over yonder in the promised land,
Away, away, away, away,
Over in the promised land.

- 2 We sing the praise of a Saviour's love,
And tread his paths to heaven above;
There we'll receive a royal crown,
Over in the promised land.

- 3 We'll kneel in prayer that God may bless,
The Sabbath school with righteousness;
Thus we may go from sin below,
Over to the promised land.

- 4 Oh, what a happy world 't would be,
If we were all from sin set free,
And ev'ry heart were now to start,
Over to the promised land.



Marching on to Canaan.

- 1 Fling out our banner to the breeze,
Its folds gleam one by one,
We'll bear it through our northern seas
And 'neath the tropic sun.
The flag we bear is bathed in blood,
Our arms shine bright and fair ;
We onward press, through fire and flood,
Our foes we do not fear.

CHO.—We'll march to Canaan,
We'll march to Canaan,
We'll march to Canaan,
Our Saviour leads the way.

- 2 Our Captain is a tower of might,
His name makes foes to flee ;
He only battles for the right
And Christian liberty.
Christ is His name, His banner high
Floats wide o'er all the world,
And far beyond the stellar sky
It freely waves unfurled.
- 3 Dark Satan's host must sink in pain,
And pass to shades of night,
For Christ, our King, on earth must reign.
And sway the world aright.
Then onward press, thou mighty host,
Led on by Judah's Lord,
Proclaim redemption to the lost,
Salvation through the Word.



Hold Fast.

- 1 When once you seize the right and true,
Hold fast, hold fast!
Let not temptation conquer you,
Hold fast, hold fast!
Stand firmly on your ground, and when
You meet the frowns of wicked men,
Oh, ne'er give o'er, but firmly then
Hold fast, hold fast.
- 2 Fear not that you shall conquer'd be,
Hold fast, hold fast!
If you for good work constantly,
Hold fast, hold fast,
No pow'r shall cheat you of success,
If faithfully you onward press,
And Heaven shall grant a crown at last—
Hold fast, hold fast.
- 3 The weakest man is he who falls;
Hold fast, hold fast!
Because the tempter to him calls;
Hold fast, hold fast!
The strongest is the man who stands
Unmoved when wrong his work com-
mands,
And for the right holds up his hands;
Hold fast, hold fast!



Then Row.

- 1 The boat is trim'd with sail and oar,
And all prepared to leave the shore;
When off we'll go with wind and tide,
Across the sunny waves to glide.

CHO.—Then row, row, row;
Over the beautiful waves we go,
Then row, row, row,
So merrily, merrily O!

- 2 By headland bold and winding bay,
That look so lovely far away,
How pleasantly we'll sail along,
And listen to the boatman's song.
- 3 Though tempests rage and billows,
God reigns supreme o'er sea and shore,
And shields by His almighty hand,
From danger both by sea and land.



'Tis I; be not afraid.

THO' tossed with winds and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, wild and drear,
Hark! hark! my Saviour's voice I hear,
" 'Tis I; be not afraid."

CHO.—'Tis I, 'Tis I, 'Tis I, be not afraid,
'Tis I, 'Tis I, 'Tis I, be not afraid.

2 'Tis I who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light,
'Tis I, be not afraid.

3 These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on me,
'Tis I, be not afraid.

4 When on the other side thy feet
Shall rest, midst thousand welcomes sweet,
One well known voice thy heart shall greet,
'Tis I, be not afraid.



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Only one crossing.

- 1 Only one crossing over,
Waters all dark and wide,
Storms on the fearful billows,
Peace on the other side.
Only one scene of anguish,
Sorrow in sad words told,
Then a sweet sound of music,
Softened by harps of gold.

CHORUS—Only one crossing over,
Only one crossing over,
Only one crossing over,
And then we'll rest in heaven.

- 2 Only one crossing over,
Far from the cares of earth,
Mansions of rest are open,
There is life's newest birth.
Look when the fond eyes closing,
Speak of the sweet repose,
Far from the land of mourning,
Heaven shall soon disclose.

- 3 Only one crossing over,
Sadness, and shroud, and bier,
Filling an hour of parting,
Then I shall enter there.
Only a night of trial,
Borne on the swelling tide.
Then in my Saviour's presence
I shall for e'er abide.



Over the Jasper Sea.

1 The sea is wildly tossing,
And often filled with gloom,
On which we're swiftly crossing
To our eternal home.

CHO.—Over the sea, over the sea,
Gracious Saviour pilot me;
Over the sea, over the sea,
Over the Jasper Sea.

2 We've many a foe to conquer,
And many a storm to face,
Ere we in heaven anchor,
And sing redeeming grace.

3 Sail on, then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's world your chart;
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trusting heart.

4 We'll float the gospel banner,
And guard it with our life,
And shout a loud "Hosanna!"
"Victorious in the strife!"



Jubilate Deo.

Joy, joy, joy to-day !
Joy, joy, joy to-day !
We are marching on,
We are marching on,
Shout aloud for Christ our King.
Joy to-day, joy to-day !
Let the joyful chorus ring.
As we march along ;
Lift the Gospel banner high,
Sing the chorus of the sky,
The Lord our God shall triumph o'er His foes.
Let salvation be our plea,
As we march along ;
Sound the note of victory,
As we march along ;
Let our adoration blend
With the songs that never end.
For worthy is the Lamb that once was slain.
Hallelujah ! Glory be to God,
Hallelujah ! Glory be to God,
Glory be to God, Jesus is our King.

Joy, joy, joy to-day !
Joy, joy, joy to day !
Glory be to God,
Jesus is our King ;
Loud our anthems let us raise,
Joy to-day, joy to-day !
Praise His name for ever, praise,
As we march along.
Let exultant anthems rise
From the fullness of the soul,
Until they reach the holy courts on high.
Speak the news from shore to shore,
Trav'lers bound to Heaven ;
Christ is King for evermore,
Trav'lers bound to Heaven ;
He hath died to give us life,
Joy for pain and peace for strife,
And now He sitteth on throne of God.
Glory, glory, Jesus is our King ;
Glory, glory, Jesus is our King.
Glory be to God, Jesus is our King.



Who'll be the next?

- 1 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting,
Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

CHO.—Who'll be the next? who'll be the next?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now?
Follow Jesus now.

- 2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus—
Follow His weary, bleeding feet?
Who'll be the next to lay every burden
Down at the Father's mercy seat?

- 3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?
Who'll be the next to praise His name?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption,
Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?

- 4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus.
Down through the Jordon's rolling tide?
Who'll be the next to join the ransomed,
Singing upon the other side?



Now I lay me down to sleep.

1 "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
First beside my mother kneeling,
Through the hushed up silence deep,
Hear the double whisper stealing.

CHO—Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I die before I wake,
I pray the lord my soul to take.

2 "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
And the angels o'er me bending,
Sent from God my soul to keep,
Through the purple night decending

3 "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
O my God! when I am dying,
Hear me when I pray to thee,
On my quiet death-bed lying.

